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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818, &c. By Mrs. Charles Stothard. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 322.

We could hardly have imagined that a French Tour, after all that have gone before, could have been made so pleasing and so interesting as the present, which does infinite honour to her talents, and has added another of our fair countrywomen to the list of distinguished female writers. Mrs. C. Stothard is the wife of the artist, whom we mentioned in a recent review of Mr. D. Turner's Normandy, as being employed by the Antiquarian Society to copy the famous Bayeux Tapestry, and she accompanied him in his excursion to execute that commission. But besides a residence of two months at Bayeux, our travellers visited many parts of Normandy and Brittany very little frequented by English, though not only extremely curious in a modern point of view, but thick sown with historical recollections of the most striking nature. On these places Mrs. S. has remarked with all the lively acuteness of her sex, and produced a volume of local and historical description of an exceedingly agreeable kind; in which the entertaining labours of the pen are illustrated by many very beautiful specimens of architecture, costume, &c. from the pencil of her husband. Upon the whole, making allowance for a few slight inaccuracies in style, and one or two short digressions, we have to express our entire admiration of this work; and announce it to our readers as one eminently calculated to amuse them from its manner, and delight them with its embellishments.

Previous to quoting what appears to us to be most worthy of extract, we shall briefly state the route pursued, and name the principal towns whence the letters are dated. Our charming author landed at Dieppe, and after a trip to Eu, went by Rouen to Paris. At Paris she sojourned a short time; and though we shall find occasion to transcribe some of her observations there, the mass might have been omitted without injuring the originality of her performance. Indeed this

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portion of the book is its only trite feature; for all the rest (not accounting sundry Norman anticipations by Mr. Turner likely to be generally familiar) is replete with novelty. From Paris the tourists went to Bayeux, and thence into Brittany, passing through Coutances, Avranches, Granville, Dol, St. Malo, Rennes, (the capital of Upper Bretagne) Ploermel, Hennebont, Auray, Vannes, Nantes, Angers, Saumur, and back to Paris by Tours and Orleans. During their Bretagne course, in particular, the country and its inhabitants offered a great deal worthy of notice; and it is here that we feel most forcibly the power of interesting us possessed by the writer. Though somewhat out of order, therefore, we shall commence our selections with matter relative to the Bretons, and conclude with what we may have to say on the subject of Normandy. On the former topic Mrs. Stothard says—

"We expect much pleasure from our projected excursion into Brittany. A grammar has been lent to me of the language of the people; many French words have been ingrafted upon it; but it appears, as far as I can judge, very like the Welsh, and I hear that the inhabitants of Brittany, and of Wales, understand each others' tongue."

Her first impressions are not, however, of a pleasing sort. The next letter from Rennes proceeds—

"Surely never were there worse roads, than those we have passed: if they be a specimen of what we have yet to come, I much doubt if we return home without being maimed. Sometimes a sudden jerk threw us from our seats, or tossed our heads against the roof of the carriage, which I never expected to get here without breaking down."

"I wrote my last letter to you from Avranches. We quitted that charming place at midnight, and breakfasted the next morning at Dol, en Bretagne, where an entirely new scene presented itself; for the dirt and misery of the people exhibited a state of existence so comfortless and wretched, that I could scarcely fancy them the inhabitants of a civilized country. Dol is an ancient Gothic town; the shops still remain in their original state; their Gothic fronts, supported by short massy ornamented columns, that unite with each other, and form the streets into colonnades. We continued our route, and the carriage after passing through an arm of the sea entered St. Malo, a fine town, adjacent to the island of Jersey. It is surrounded by ramparts and strong towers, that still remain entire; these were erected more than four hundred years since: they exhibit a very perfect specimen of the strongly fortified, and walled towns of former ages. The view from St. Malo is peculiar, and

striking; little rocks and fortified islands appear in the midst of the sea, as far as the eye can distinguish distant objects. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, when we once more found ourselves in a comfortable inn at St. Malo; and at three in the morning we again commenced another tiresome journey. At noon we passed the charmingly situated town of Hédé, where, upon a high rock rising amidst the finest woods, stand the remains of a castle, that formerly belonged to the Duchesse Anne. It was here that I may say, I had the first view of the people of Bretagne, in all their native wildness; for the carriage rested in the market place, and gave me full time to consider the strange appearance of those who were to us a new race of beings. The wild look which more particularly characterises the men, is greatly increased by their wearing their hair long and loose; they have a most uncivilized and rude air, and seem in a state of extreme poverty. A boy came up to the carriage, and appeared anxious to induce us to buy the fruit he held in a basket; as we could not speak to him in his own language (the Patois), we gave him a small piece of money, intending to purchase some fruit; he looked surprised, and would actually have emptied the whole contents of his basket in return, could we have taken it. I afterwards found, that this would have been less than the value of what we gave him, so extremely cheap are all kinds of fruit and provisions in Brittany; but this is of little advantage to the people, their labour being paid in the same proportion. We continued our fatiguing journey from Hédé, and at five in the afternoon arrived at Rennes, after having had very little rest from travelling in such dreadful roads, during eight-and-forty hours."

And again—

"Since we have been at Rennes, we have remarked how much even the better class of people differ from the French; they have not the least trait of their complaisance, but address you in a rough and brutal way. We have observed also their excessive dislike of the English; and I cannot here omit relating a trifling incident that will serve to illustrate the character of gentlemen Bretons, for I believe they are all very much alike. I was yesterday making a sketch of Port St. George, an ancient gateway in the outskirts of the town, when several persons, habited like gentlemen, came up, and very unceremoniously placed themselves about me. I imagine they consider it impossible a foreigner could understand French; for they were very personal in their remarks, and amused themselves with conjecturing who I might be. At last they agreed I was either Italian or English; but from my dress they determined the latter, and because all Eng-

lishwomen were little creatures. This remark introduced a conversation upon the general character of our nation, which they abused 'in good set terms,' without moving from their station. As I resolved to finish my drawing, I mustered up courage sufficient to continue it, without heeding their rudeness; till one of them, wishing to gratify his curiosity by staring me in the face, placed himself between me and the object I was delineating. I motioned with my hand for him to move; but this he did not, or would not understand. I then, in few words, civilly begged him to get out of the way. Immediately one of them exclaimed, — 'She speaks French, do all the women in England speak French?' I took no notice of this, determined that I would not give up an English spirit, and be driven from my seat by impertinence. These Breton gentlemen then entered into a fresh discourse upon French and English literature, and agreed that all we possessed was borrowed from the French, and that our best editions of Shakspeare, were a translation from Voltaire, who had given him beauties of his own, which the original never possessed. Whilst they were thus displaying their knowledge of such wonderful literary mysteries, a French officer came up, who knew these men, and seemed surprised at their intrusion. He begged them to remove, and politely apologized for their impertinence; assuring me that he was no Breton, and that if I knew the people as he did, I should find them the most brutal mannered, either in France, or any other country.

"The excessive dislike the people of Brittany bear towards the English, is to be attributed, in a principal degree, to the idea they have formed, and yet entertain, respecting the conduct of England in the affair of Quiberon Bay, where our administration landed during the war a number of French emigrants to join the royalists. These unfortunate persons were all slaughtered in the action that ensued, and the French government, always desirous of disseminating amongst the people a hatred towards the English, caused a report to be circulated in Brittany, that we had sent the emigrants to Quiberon, for the purpose of being there murdered. I was walking yesterday with Mr. S—— in Rennes, when he stopped at the door of a shop, to examine a large map of Brittany. Mr. S—— looking for Auray, traced his finger along the map, till he paused at the mark of the celebrated druidical remain; and, turning to me, said, 'There is Carnac.' An officer who chanced to be passing at the moment, came up to him, and, with a fierce look, placed his own finger upon the map, exclaiming, 'And there is Quiberon!'"

A subsequent letter finishes the picture of Breton brutality. Going from Rennes to Ploermel, Mrs. S. writes—

"We continued our journey in this wildly picturesque country, passing through thick forests of chestnut trees, with which Brittany abounds. By the road's side, or in the fields, many wretchedly dirty looking women were loitering, with the distaff in their

hands, watching their cows and goats. The Bretons dwell in huts, generally built of mud; men, pigs, and children live all together, without distinction, in these cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathsome excess, and to this may be attributed their unhealthy, and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance: the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilized creatures, is, that whenever they meet you, they bow their heads, or take off their hats in token of respect. I could not have supposed it possible that human nature endured an existence so buried in dirt, till I came into this province. The common people are apparently in the very lowest state of poverty. In some part of Brittany the men wear a goat skin dress, and look not unlike De Foe's description of Robinson Crusoe. The furry part of this dress is worn outside: it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad flapped straw or beaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings: but the generality wear sabots, and thrust straw into them, to prevent the feet being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. You frequently see the women, both old and young, sauntering along the fields with the distaff, employed in spinning off the flax. The girls carry milk upon their heads, in a vessel of rather an elegant form, somewhat resembling the common Roman household vessels.

"We continued travelling, in the hope of coming into some town or village, where we might obtain refreshment; for, in consequence of leaving Rennes so early, we had not breakfasted, and, unfortunately, my little basket, from neglect, was unsupplied. You may imagine, therefore, that the postillion's announcement of a town being in sight, was most agreeable intelligence to persons numbed with cold, and sick for want of food. Accordingly: at noon we arrived at Pleilian, to us the land of promise, and, like many such lands, afforded only disappointment, augmented by the comfortable hopes we had indulged. The horses, who, from custom, knew their resting-place, jogged on at a full trot, that was soon abated by the mud, through which they had to wade in passing down the village street. Pleilian consists of a few miserable houses, inhabited by the pallid and dirty natives of Bretagne. Before their doors several children, covered only by a few tattered garments, were paddling for very sport, in the pool of slush that flooded the street; their savage manners and wretched looks, begrimed as they were with dirt, gave them the appearance of little imps appertaining to some lower world.

"We stopped at the entry of what is termed an inn, distinguished by the bush suspended over the door. At most of the inns in this country, they hang out such a signal, to denote that wine is sold within. This custom, now almost obsolete in England, reminds us of the old proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush;' but, if in the inns, they sell

only cyder, it is expressed in Brittany by hanging a few apples to the side of the bush. Here the horses were to rest two hours, during which time we proposed regaling ourselves with something like a dinner. Upon entering the inn, the first view of the interior made me start back; for I had never seen any thing at all similar to it before. Some faggots were blazing in a ruined chimney, by the side of which stood a miserable bed, where an old man sick of the gout was sitting up; the tortures of his disorder (for the fit was upon him) gave to a naturally fierce and savage countenance, a malignant and dreadful expression; his complaints burst forth in accents of impatient execration, unchecked by the presence of strangers. The curtains of his bed hung in tattered rags, festooned by spiders, that crawled about, and made their intricate web upon the pendant shreds of the decayed hangings. A slush pool, in the centre of the room, served the double purpose of a receiving hole for foul water, and a pond for the ducks, who enjoyed themselves by paddling about in it. A hen-roost stood above a ladder of viands, beneath which a fowl was hatching her young upon a sort of dung-hill. To think of dining was impossible; we begged to be shewn into some other room, and inquired if they could give us bread and coffee. We were ushered into an apartment quite in character with the rest of the house. After desiring that the nearly broken down chairs might be wiped, (a caution very necessary before venturing to sit down,) we ordered a fire, and had at least the comfort of warming ourselves, for all hope of refreshment vanished as soon as the repast appeared. The bread was full of sand, that gritted between the teeth, and so sour that I could not taste a second piece; the coffee bore no resemblance to that beverage, excepting the brown-coloured tinge, but seemed a mixture of dirty water and sugar. We resigned it after the first taste, and paid for looking at such fare, as we could not be said to partake of it, the sum of four francs; while some French travellers below, were regaled in like manner for twelve sous each. One of these travellers had the charity to give me a bunch of grapes, which, with the addition of some raw chestnuts that Mr. S—— pulled from the trees as we journeyed on, was all the refreshment we could procure from five in the morning till ten o'clock the same night, when we got into Ploermel. I cannot help thinking how useful a moral lesson a day's starvation would be to those who have plenty, and a daily meal; that they may experience the misery arising from the want of food, and learn to pity and feel for the needy who have none."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN INDIANS.

"No chief pays any attention to reports, though they may carry with them the marks of truth. Until he is officially and in due

* From a historical view of the Indian nations, containing an account of their manners, &c. read to the American Philosophical Society, by Mr. Heckewelder.

form apprised of the matter, he will, if questioned on the subject, reply that he had not heard it. It will, until then, be considered by him as the *song of a bird which had flown by*; but as soon as he is officially informed, through a string of wampum from some distant chief or leading man of the nation, whose situation entitles him to receive credit, he then will say: "I have heard it," and acts accordingly."

"Their belts of wampum are of different dimensions, both as to the length and breadth. White and black wampum are the kinds they use; the former denoting that which is good, as peace, friendship, good will, &c., the latter the reverse; yet occasionally the black also is made use of on peace errands, when the white cannot be procured; but previous to its being produced for such purpose, it must be daubed all over with chalk, white clay, or any thing which changes the colour from black to white. The pipe of peace, being either made of a black or red stone, must also be whitened before it is produced and smoked out of on such occasions."

"A black belt with the mark of a hatchet made on it with red paint, is a war belt, which when sent to a nation together with a twist or roll of tobacco, is an invitation to join in a war. If the nation so invited smoke of this tobacco and say it smokes well, they have given their consent, and are from that moment allies. If however they decline smoking, all further persuasion would be of no effect; yet it once happened, that war messengers endeavoured to persuade and compel a nation to accept the belt, by laying it on the shoulders or thigh of the chief, who, however, after shaking it off without touching it with his hands, afterwards, with a stick, threw it after them, as if he threw a snake or toad out of his way."

"The Indians judge with calmness on all occasions, and decide with precision, or endeavour so to do, between an accident and a wilful act;—the *first* (they say) they are all liable to commit, and therefore it ought not to be noticed, or punished;—the *second* being a wilful or premeditated act, committed with a bad design, ought on the contrary to receive due punishment."

"To illustrate this subject, I shall relate a few of the cases of this description which have come within my knowledge. One morning early, an Indian came into the house of another who was yet abed, asking for the loan of his gun for a morning hunt, his own being out of repair; the owner readily consented, and said: 'as my gun is not loaded, you will have to take a few balls out of your pouch.' In taking the gun down, it, however, by some accident went off, and lodged the contents in the owner's head, who was still lying on the bed, and now expired. The gun, it appeared, was loaded, though unknown to him, and the lock left in such a condition that by a touch it went off. A cry was heard from all sides in the house: O! the accident! for such it was always considered to have been, and was treated as such."

"A hunter went out to kill a bear, some of those animals having been seen in the

neighbourhood. In an obscure part of a wood, he saw at a distance something black moving, which he took for a bear; the whole of the animal not being visible to him; he fired, and found he had shot a black horse. Having discovered the mistake, he informed the owner of what had happened, expressing at the same time his regret that he was not possessed of a single horse, with which he could replace the one he had shot. What! replied the Indian whose horse had been killed, do you think I would accept a horse from you, though you had one to give, after you have satisfied me that you killed mine by accident? No, indeed! for the same misfortune might also happen to me."

"An aged Indian who had gone out to shoot a turkey, mistook a black hog in the bushes for one of those birds, and shot him; finding out by enquiry to whom the hog belonged, he informed the owner of the mistake he had made, offering to pay for the hog; which the other, however, not only would not accept of, but having brought the meat in, gave him a leg of the animal, because he thought that the unfortunate man, as well on account of his disappointment, in not feasting on turkey as he expected soon to do when he shot the hog, as for his honesty in informing of what he had done, was entitled to a share of what he had killed."

"Marriages among the Indians are not, as with us, contracted for life; it is understood on both sides that the parties are not to live together any longer than they shall be pleased with each other. The husband may put away his wife whenever he pleases, and the woman may in like manner abandon her husband. Therefore the connexion is not attended with any vows, promises, or ceremonies of any kind. An Indian takes a wife as it were on trial, determined, however, in his own mind, not to forsake her, if she behaves well, and particularly if he has children by her. The woman, sensible of this, does on her part every thing in her power to please her husband, particularly if he is a good hunter or trapper, capable of maintaining her by his skill and industry, and protecting her by his strength and courage."

"When a marriage takes place, the duties and labours incumbent on each party are well known to both. It is understood that the husband is to build a house for them to dwell in, to find the necessary implements of husbandry, as axes, hoes, &c. to provide a canoe, and also dishes, bowls, and other necessary vessels for house-keeping. The woman generally has a kettle or two, and some other articles of kitchen furniture, which she brings with her. The husband, as master of the family, considers himself bound to support it by his bodily exertions, as hunting, trapping, &c.; the woman, as his *help-mate*, takes upon herself the labours of the field, and is far from considering them as more important than those to which her husband is subjected, being well satisfied that with his gun and traps he can maintain a family in any place where game is to be found: nor do they think it any hardship imposed upon them; for they themselves say, that while their field labour employs them at

most six weeks in the year, that of the me continues the whole year round."

"When a couple is newly married, the husband (without saying a single word upon the subject) takes considerable pains to please his wife, and by repeated proofs of his skill and abilities in the art of hunting, to make her sensible that she can be happy with him, and that she will never want while they live together. At break of day he will be off with his gun, and often by breakfast time return home with a deer, turkey, or some other game. He endeavours to make it appear that it is in his power to bring provisions home whenever he pleases, and his wife, proud of having such a good hunter for her husband, does her utmost to serve and make herself agreeable to him."

"The more a man does for his wife, the more he is esteemed, particularly by the women, who will say: "This man surely loves his wife." Some men at their leisure hours make bowls and ladles, which, when finished, are at their wives' disposal."

"In the year 1762, I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick Indian woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband having heard that a trader at Lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horseback for that place, one hundred miles distant, and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him."

(To be continued.)

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

(Concluded.)

The second extract to which we have alluded, is the following description of the Dutch government in the city which they had built in America.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen, who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside.—Set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority, vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains; lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station—squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and in-

credulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff—five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters—hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

"In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings, and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse, and the bridewell—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, out-cast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty—that shall give to their beck a hound-like pack of catch-poles and bum-bailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catch-poles, bum-bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to

the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study—For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, 'there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies.' Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well fed, robust burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

"The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by the philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchaind in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind? His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed: and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-chamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, sily peeping out of the loop-holes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the

diaphragm—disposing their possessor to laughter, good humour, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow mortals:

"As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle about favourite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore, (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach: a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen are the best fed men in the community; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws, which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labours of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced when awake. In a word, your fair round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over his safety—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox-wagon.

"The burgomasters, then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed milk, New-England cheese."

We should have been glad to prolong these spirited examples; but the doings of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, would lead us into a field so wide that it would expose our review, comparatively, to the same objection of prolixity which we have alleged against the work in hand. To avoid this fault we shall conclude, with one quotation more, from the finale, viz. an account of the terms upon which the city ultimately surren-

dered to its besiegers, thereby terminating the first dynasty.

While all these woful struggles and dissensions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamours of the populace; and moreover circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, and beguiling the simple Netherlanders with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man who voluntarily submitted to the authority of his British majesty, should retain peaceable possession of his house, his vrouw, and his cabbage garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot. That he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, or keep accounts in any other way than by casting them up on his fingers, and chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is still observed among the Dutch yeomanry at the present day. That every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe-buckles, pipe, and every other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but on the contrary should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors did before him since time immemorial—Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than St. Nicholas, who should thenceforward, as before, be considered the tutelar saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest, where they could gain little more than honour and broken heads—the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily—behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus, who, though assailed and buffeted by roaring waves and brawling surges, still keeps on an undeviating course; and though overwhelmed by boisterous billows, still emerges from the troubled deep, spouting and blowing with tenfold violence—so did the inflexible Peter pursue, unwavering, his determined career, and rise, contemptuous, above the clamours of the rabble.

A Day in Autumn; a Poem, by Bernard Barton. London and Woodbridge, 1820. Small 4to. pp. 31.

In the Literary Gazette of the 22d of last April, we introduced this author to our readers as a Quaker bard of no mean pretensions. Slight as his new work is, in our opinion it will enhance his poetical fame: for it displays many beauties of a fine order, and is stamped throughout with traits of genius a like remote from extravagance and mediocrity. Amiable feeling, a pure sense of nature, a heart right toned, and a head well regulated, are visible in every verse; and it is to us a sincere gratification to find the higher conceptions of the muse thus linked with the better principles of morality; harmony and grace enlisted in the cause of virtue, and our pleasures from an effusion of fancy, not too dearly purchased by the consciousness that while we are delighting our imaginations we are tainting our minds.

But the philanthropy and tenderness, as well as the skill and talent of the author, will better appear from his composition than our commendation; and we proceed to lay specimens of the *DAY IN AUTUMN* before the public.

In a dedication to Mr. Southey, Mr. Barton states his view of the subject, and elsewhere, in the poem itself, further says:

I took my pen up, in no formal fit,
The feelings of a few bright hours to scan;
And as they rise I trace their course as best I can.

There is however a regular, and what is preferable, a very sweet invocation, with which he commences; and we shall produce it as a truly poetical description of the season which gives the poem its name.

Autumn! soul soothing season, thou who
spreadest

Thy lavish feast for every living thing,
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou
treadest,

The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering:—

O! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,
So consciously around my spirit cling,

That its fix'd frame may be, remote from
folly,

Of sober thought combin'd with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate;

And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird, singing to his happy mate,

And Flora's festival, then held in state:—
If joyous sympathy with these was mine,

O! still allow me now to dedicate
To Thee a loftier song:—that tone assign

Unto my murmuring lyre, which Nature gives to
thine.

A tone of thrilling softness, now, as caught
From Night winds sweeping o'er a stubble
field;—

And, now and then, be with those breezes
brought

A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd:—

And, ever and anon, still deeper tones:
Of winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd,

By harps and hands unseen; and only
known

To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping
alone.

No more of invocation! Bright the day
Arose; as if the glorious sun were bent,

(Like some proud monarch, whose declining
away

Is still majestic and magnificent.)
On once more filling his own firmament

With undiminish'd splendour:—

The last image is grand, and indeed the
whole passage beautiful, in spite of the
expressions upon which we have passed the
censure of *italics*.

The kind-heartedness of the writer shines
in a comment upon the scriptural account of
the woman who poured ointment on the head
of Christ.

O! how that action, 'mid the chronicle
Of darkest crimes, with which the chapter
teems,

Shines forth, with lustre inexpressible,
Unearthly brightness shedding from its
beams,

All unclips'd its gentle glory seems
By the dense clouds that wrap our lower
sphere;

We turn to it, from those more painful
themes,

ISCAHOT's treachery, and PETER's fear,
The Priest's hypocrisy, the Soldier's cruel
sneer;—

From such we turn to it, as to a thing
Gentle, compassionate, pure, holy, good!

And the heart's better feelings, as they cling
Unto its memory, lead us, as they should,

To genuine virtue's most congenial mood;
Not taught by speculative creeds, which
draw

The mind's attention from its heavenly food;—
We feel this truth impress'd, with holy awe,

That LOVE is in itself fulfilment of God's law!
Tell me, thou strenuous advocate of creeds,
Dogmas, and systems; overlooking still
Those milder charities, and christian deeds
Without which faith is dead:—with all thy
skill

Know'st thou not this—the LETTER can but
kill,

The SPIRIT giveth life?—O! far above
The proudest theorists, does he fulfil

The precepts of our faith, whose actions
prove

That he has learnt aright this truth—that God
is LOVE!

But to return to the *Day*: the following
thought, if not new, is prettily turned:

The bright sun threw his glory all around,
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze

Swept, with a musical, and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees;

And, now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing

Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,

'Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.
The love of poetry—its means and ends, are
well portrayed.

The Muses are not innately oppos'd
To pure religion :—witness Cowper's lyre ;
And those more awful visions once diabol'd
To Him, the loftiest of our tuneful choir,
Seraphic Milton, whose lips felt the fire
Caught from the altar's live coal ; prompt-
ed whence,
In verse which, although numerous, could not
tire,
He sang of themes beyond our finite sense,
And pour'd his heavenly song with holy elo-
quence.

Not that a Poet by his craft is bound
To be for ever harping heavenly themes ;
Though palms unfading grow on holy ground,
And at their feet are everlasting streams,
And many a spot with holiest vision teems,
Replete with inspiration : still, we may
Be more familiar with them than besecms
True reverence ; and unguardedly betray
The cause we wish to serve by our unworthy lay,
Yet he who scans aright the end for which
The gift of song, if genuine, was bestow'd,
Will ever strain its most commanding pitch
In virtue's praise ; and seek to strew the
road
That leads to her immortal, blest abode ;
With amarantine flowers :—even when he
plays
With lighter theme, in seeming mirthful
mode,
Or nature's loveliness in song pours, trays,
His end and aim through all should be the Gi-
ver's praise,

And inexhaustible the beauties are
Of this fair universe.—The boundless main ;
Heaven's out-stretch'd cope, begemm'd with
many a star ;
And earth's rich loveliness,—the ample
plain,
And stream which marks it like a silver vein ;
Mountain, and forest, lake, and water-fall :
Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain,
While such display their charms so pro-
digal ?
Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd
them all ?

O Poesy ! thou dear delightful art !
Of sciences—by far the most sublime ;
Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,
Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of
crime,
Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time ;
The nurse of feeling ; the interpreter
Of purest passion :—who, in manhood's
prime,

In age, or infancy, alike canst stir
The heart's most secret thoughts.

The mind thus alive to the best purposes
of poetry, cannot be insensible to the charms
of creation : the author glows in their de-
scription.

We drove

Through bowering lanes ; their lofty trees
between,
Whose leaves were ting'd with beauty far
above
Spring's gayest hues, or brightest freshest
green :
Their blending shades of every tint were seen ;
Pale amber, half transparent in the ray
Of the bright sun ; while others, in his sheen,
Assum'd more gorgeous colours ; others—
grey,

Wither'd, and lifeless now, bestrew'd our nar-
row way.

Nor was the distant scenery aught surpass'd

By nearer objects ; there, expanding wide,
And by unclouded sunshine brightly glass'd,
Flow'd, Orwell ! thy serenely rippling
tide :
Hemm'd in by nilly slopes on every side,
Whose tufted woods upon its margin break,
It more resembl'd, as by us descried,
Some quietly reposing inland lake,
Than ocean's briny branch, which ebb and flow
o'ertake.

The farewell to the river Orwell, which
seems endeared by early recollections, is
also natural and affecting.

Farewell ! then, and for ever ! though thou
must
Be with me as a thing that cannot die,
Until my memory shall resign its trust
Of what life's brightest moments can sup-
ply,
Hopes, friendships, love, that charm'd me
and pass'd by :
Though far apart, perhaps, we may not
sever,
And sometimes I may gaze, with pensive eye,
Upon thy winding shores ; yet never, never,
Canst thou re-call again enjoyments fled for
ever !

The sequent lines refer, we presume,
to some of the friendly party whose amiable
dispositions and cultivated tastes, induce
them to regard elegant literature and its
votaries, with feelings of a more liberal cast
than the society has credit for.

And now our morning's ride is ended ; past
The hour of dinner ;—round us gathers eve :
And he who frames this legend must, at last,
Of the kind circle round him take his leave.
Nor would he foolishly repine, or grieve,
Though some there be whom he may meet
no more ;
Even should it prove so, why should this be-
rieve
His breast of some fond thoughts unknown
before,
Which friends till then unmet have added to its
store ?

But we have poached beyond what
is fair upon so small a manor of the
Muse ; and must depart, especially as

The day is over :—it is night, dark night !
But such as should succeed a day so fair.
Nought is there in its darkness to affright ;
No gusty winds of rising storms declare,
But peaceful silence fills the dewy air.
Even such a night as now with voiceless
spell
Has gather'd round me : can I then forbear,
Ere to my theme I bid a last farewell,
The present hour to paint ; NIGHT's calm
delights to tell ?

Soul soothing season ! period of repose !
Or inverted thought, which day debars ;
Can language paint, can poetry disclose,
The magic of thy silence, dews, and stars ?
When the loud mirth of day no longer mars
Our better feelings with its empty sound ;
When we forget, awhile, the cruel jars
Our souls in worldly intercourse have
found,
How welcome are thy shades, with peaceful
quiet, crown'd !

One topic more, Still Night ! will yet intrude
Upon my serious thought, while hymning
Thee :—

Thou art the emblem, type, similitude,
Of silence yet more awful : although we
Are loath the approach of Death's dark night
to see !

Father of mercies ! Thou whose goodness
gave
Thy Son below'd, man's sacrifice to be,
Grant that in life's last hour my soul may
crave,
Nor crave in vain, His Love to light me
through the Grave ;

Trusting that our extracts have more
than justified our praise, we once more
take leave of the author, whom we con-
sider to be an ornament and honour to
the Society of Friends, of which he is a
member.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY: Hebrew Medal.

The Royal Irish Academy have just pub-
lished the second part of the 13th vol. of their
Transactions, which contains the following
articles. SCIENCE.—On Voltaic Electri-
city, by the Rev. T. R. Robinson ; on the
Changes of the Human Skeleton at different
periods of Life, by W. Wallace, M. D. ;
Method of computing Astronomical Refrac-
tions near the Horizon, by Professor Brink-
ley ; the Inscription of a regular Polygon
of 17 sides in a Circle, by Rev. Fran.
Sadler ; Method of correcting the approxi-
mate Elements of the Orbit of a Comet, by
Professor Brinkley. POLITE LITERATURE.
—Essay on the Life and Writings of Ossian,
with an Analysis of his Cynegetics, by the
Rev. W. H. Drummond. ANTIQUITIES.—
Remarks on a Brass Medal of our Saviour,
found at Cork, by H. J. M. Mason ; Con-
jectures on the Origin of the Oriental Man-
ner of Counting from Right to Left, by N. S.
Sankey ; Observations which accompanied
a Hebrew Medal submitted to the Inspec-
tion of the Academy, by the Rev. R. Walsh ;
Description of a Rich and Ancient Box,
containing a Latin Copy of the Gospels,
found on a mountain in the Co. Tipperary,
by H. M. Madden ; Description of a Drawing
in the Red Book, of the Exchequer of Ire-
land, by the same.

It may be remembered, that some time
ago public mention was made of the Hebrew
medal above alluded to, as found near Cork ;
the hypothesis raised upon which was, that it
was coeval with the beginning of the Chris-
tian era ; the head being a bust of our
Saviour, and the obverse containing an in-
scription suitable to a record of that de-
scription. We have recently had an oppor-
tunity of examining the similar, but more
perfect medal of the same kind, of which
the account has been laid before the Royal
Irish Academy by Dr. Walsh ; and as these
works are extremely curious, we trust that a
brief notice of this specimen may be accept-
able to others besides our numismatological
readers. It was obtained at Rostock, in
Lower Saxony, by Dr. Walsh, from a Polish
Jew, who prized it as an ancient Christian
amulet ; and sold it as a talisman, more pre-
cious to a Christian than to a Hebrew. It
seems to be a duplicate of the Cork medal ;
but the profile is finer, and the legend much

plainer. It is distinctly as follows; (we quote the Hebrew characters in English,) Meschiach malek ba beshalam veor meadam gnashul chai. *The Messiah has reigned; he came in peace; and being made the light of man, liveth.* No vowel points are discernible. The expression of the countenance is beautiful, and the character so pure as to establish a very high state of the arts at the period the die was struck. It is quite the Raphael or Carlo Dolce portrait of Christ. The metal is of a strange mixed composition, paler than common brass, and in colour resembling pure gold, but its specific gravity is infinitely less than even brass; zinc seems a constituent part. It is the most sonorous coin we ever met with, which is probably owing to the presence of a considerable proportion of tin, which gives the sonorous quality to the bell metal. Similar medals were not uncommon during the middle ages. Fac similes of seven are handed down by authors, between 1605 and 1702; and five originals are known to be in collections at this day; viz. Mr. Corlett's, at Cork, of brass; Mr. Symmond's, Ensham, of silver; Dr. Clerk, of Millbank, one of brass, and another of copper, and our present subject, belonging to the Rev. R. Walsh, of Glasnevin. By comparing the plates and these medals, six different impressions are made out. Most of them are, we make no doubt, the fabrication of the latter ages; but we are not sure, that we ought to question the great antiquity of others. An *aleph* on the right of the bust in Mr. Walsh's, has been construed to be the date of the coin, and to signify, that it was struck the year after the resurrection, to commemorate that miraculous event. This proposition we leave for the learned in such matters to determine; and content ourselves with observing, that the execution is admirable, and corresponds better with the age of Agrippa, than with the declining arts from Adrian to Leo. X.

Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Slaughter's.

The Plantagenets and the Tudors, ages since, have passed away—the Stuarts too have gone to their rest, whilst the “new family,” as I remember them called, so imperceptibly, yet so unremittingly does the sleepless plodder TIME, turn over year by year a new leaf in fate's volume, are already looking old and congenial upon the pages of British history.

Yes! when we look back to the first George—the whom the Hanoverians loved, and his adopted subjects revered, regretting only, after a long acquaintance, that he was not a Briton born, and pass to his royal son, we who remember him, feel onwards near approaching that brink, beyond which they have sunk—never more to return.

He, the third monarch of that illustrious house, whose lamp of life was lighted but a short season before Old Ephraim's, is quite burnt out, though lengthened to nature's last

glimmering flame; leaving a sweet odour, that invites us to prepare. And who that knew thy virtues, GEORGE! might not exclaim—O! that a life as pure as thine, thou best of kings, were mine!

It was but yesterday, the anniversary of thy once happy jubilee, I passed thy hallowed court. The creeping shrub that I have watched full many a season up-clinging to thy palace wall, had changed its green leaves to the deep ruby and other gem-like hues, various as the painted casements of an ancient church, and seemed a memento of defunct majesty.

There, in thy palace garden, a solitary har-binger of winter sat and sung, whilst the sudden gust hurled the flying leaves from off thy sanctuary. Sweet Robin! I never heard thy plaintive note chaunted so sad and mournfully.

The thundering of the drums meanwhile reverberated from old St. James's tower; 'twas like the sounds of former days. The loud word of command, was wafted to me in the northern blast. I heard the close heavy tramp of troops in the tower-court. The sound was like the ghosts of grenadiers that erst “carried arms,” dividing off, the loyal centinels—the old king's guard.

Spring shall return, and April showers the creeping shrub shall die a livelier green. The plaintive Robin may tune a sweeter note, and meet another mate; but thy kingly countenance shall never more be seen to smile benignantly from thy crimson throne.

The day cleared up. I rambled onward to see what's going on in the improving way of art, and stood in front of Gibbs' lofty pile, St. Martin's church. Here, said I, when I am gone, will others see its stately portico, rescued from its hiding place, the proud termination of a vista of magnificent dwellings.

Old dusky St. Martin's-lane! and yet it was but t'other day a new street of some consideration; for many a man of rank and condition resided here. It seems but a span beyond the date of some I remember in my infancy, when it was St. Martin's in the Fields.

The younger Richardson told me his grandfather saw old Stone^a buried in funeral pomp in that very church,^b nearly half a century before the architect of the present structure was born.

Richardson had a multitude of sketches that were his father's, old Jonathan^c Richardson. Among these were many a curious bit long since perished, no doubt, but which would now fetch a topping price, if brought to the hammer; and raise a mighty

^a Old Stone was master mason to King Charles I. One of his sons executed his monument, which was a bas-relievo, with tools and implements of sculpture, admirably carved in marble. He and his two sons manufactured more tombstones than any three that England has produced. Old Stone died in 1641.

^b Old St. Martin's church, built in the time of Henry VIII. was pulled down in 1721.

^c Jonathan Richardson, a distinguished painter, and author of a learned treatise on that art; the “reading of which,” said the great Reynolds, “induced me to become a painter.”

hurly-burly among the remnant of the connoisseurs and dilettanti, who venture their venerable faces, muffled in fur, as you have seen, trotting against an eastern wind to a March sale.

He had a common-place book too, filled with many a curious scrap, dearly treasured up by this affectionate son.^d This the senior Richardson had often exhibited at the club at Old Slaughter's. He had crowded it with notes of many matters, apparently of no import to any but himself. The good old man, I've heard my uncle Zachary say, fancied every one equally far gone in the collecting mania; hence he sometimes interrupted better conversation, which made Hogarth impatient, and utter a thousand pishes and pahaws; for “though he loved the man,” as he used to say, “he hated the connoisseur.”

There is a curious story of Jonathan Richardson and Harry Fielding,^e which I have heard my uncle relate, but it is too long for this chapter. It was about Richardson's notes to Milton, which he used to read to all comers at Old Slaughter's,^f Button's,^g and Wills'.^h He seldom rambled city-ways, though sometimes he stepped in at the Rainbowⁱ, where he counted a few worthies, or looked in at Dick's^k and gave them a note or two. He would not put his foot on the threshold of the Devil,^l however, for he thought the sign profane; but more of this hereafter. Fielding would run a furlong to escape him; he called him Doctor Fidget.

George Lambert,^m the landscape painter, I have heard my great uncle say, was the merriest of fellows, without the least buffoonery. He was frolicsome as Rochester, and satirical as Shaftsbury, although he never disgraced himself by obscenity like the one, nor made enemies like the other through ill nature or malice. He could be jocose with his inferiors without vulgarity; differing in

^d It is said that the father and son, both most amiable men, sketched the countenance of each other, however slightly, every day; and this eccentric, and rare instance of affection, was continued to the father's death.

^e Henry Fielding (properly *Feilding*) the celebrated author of *Tom Jones*.

^f Old Slaughter's coffee-house and hotel, St. Martin's-lane.

^g Button's coffee-house, formerly in Great Russell-street, Covent Garden.

^h Will's coffee-house, near the same spot, both frequented by Pope, Swift, Steele, Addison, Arbuthnot, and other great wits.

ⁱ The Rainbow coffee-house, celebrated by Dr. Johnson's coterie, near the Temple Gate.

^k Dick's coffee-house, nearly adjoining.

^l The Devil tavern, formerly by the Temple.

^m George Lambert, the best landscape painter of his day, and principal scene-painter of Covent Garden Theatre. He was the founder of the celebrated beef-steak club, the first members of which held their social meetings in the painting room of the theatre. The club was subsequently held in an apartment in the old playhouse; then removed to the Shakespeare tavern; thence again to the theatre; and being burnt out in 1812, the meetings adjourned to the Bedford. At present the celebrated club hold their convivial meetings at the English Opera House, in the Strand.

that too with some distinguished wits his predecessors, and others his contemporaries; whilst he was delightfully social with his equals, and perfectly easy with his superiors in rank. His manners, according to my uncle's testimony, whose discernment was seldom called in question, were most engaging. Indeed I can readily believe all I have heard in Lambert's praise, for he must have possessed extraordinary powers of fascination that could draw the nobility who were used to eat their macaroni off gorgeous plate, to come to the scene room of Covent Garden to partake of a chop or steak, cooked on the top of a German stove.

He ruled at Old Slaughter's, a jovial king; and the landlord, himself a *character*, yielded to all the waggeries of him and his colleagues, the members of the club, composed of literati, painters, wits, antiquaries, and virtuosi, who had met there twice a week from the opening of the house. The sagacious tavern keeper! his yielding manners brought custom to the bar. Besides many a hamper of claret, burgundy, and old rhenish had "mine host" sent home to noble peers and men of high sounding title, name, and office, brought thither to taste his prime stock by the gay founder of the *Beef Steak Club*.

I could spin out a volume of stories of this club, related by my great uncle, which would amuse my readers, could I tell them with his naïveté. How many times he has made us laugh at the bickerings between Georgy, as he called him, and old "Grecian,"^a Old Slaughter's cook. His manner of relating the broiling scene was so delectable, that Garrick, who had listened to it many years after the death of the principal parties, nearly choked my lord bishop of Peterborough by reciting it at Lord Exeter's table at Burleigh. The bishop was eating cray-fish; a small bit of shell went the wrong way, and turned his lordship black in the face. Roscius was alarmed, and so were all the company; but the worthy prelate, on recovering, kindly urged him to proceed, and the whole party had another hearty laugh. Garrick mimicked the cook to admiration, and seasoned the dialogue with his own piquant sauce.

It seems the old cuisinier became mortally jealous of the reputation of the scene-room, which all the world were talking of at the expence of Dolly's and other places, as the *ne plus ultra*, for the choice cookery of a steak. Grecian was so sore upon the subject that it kept him awake o' nights, and fretted him at least a stone a quarter. In fact his jolly cheeks began to hang loose about him, which induced Hogarth to call him a *drapery* faced Greek. Lambert ironically told him he would take him to the "*House*," and give him a lesson on the broiling art. This

^a Old Grecian. The cook at Slaughter's was nicknamed Grecian—one of that name being a turnbroache in Queen Anne's privy kitchen. Centlivre and Patrick Lamb held appointments in the same kitchen. Grecian's real name could never be discovered, though it is supposed he formerly held a *utensil* office in the Queen's kitchen.

was too much—"Why, Mr. Lambert," said the old cook, almost bursting with suppressed anger, "do you take me for a turnbroach—a scullion—a water-wag-tail—a goose-grease-grubber—a pot-walloper—an ass—a fool! This is very ill usage, gentlemen! Suppose you I am to be taught the *science* by any dirty draggle-tailed scullion of Covent Garden?—It will be high time for the devil to bring his gridiron, and brimstone hell to boil the pot, when I go to school to the playhouse to take a lesson.—I that sucked the culinary art with my mother's milk—Ask master there, pointing to Old Slaughter—ask mistress there, pointing to his wife,—wasn't I a child of the queen's privy kitchen—godson of Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to the queen, and favourite disciple of Patrick Lamb her majesty's first master cook? Wasn't I?" Here he was interrupted by Friar Pine^b the painter, whose glory was to be at the head of a frolic. He took up the cudgels for Grecian, and patting him on the bald pate, for the old boy had taken off his cap, and was rubbing it with his white apron—"Never flinch, old Trojan," said he, "challenge him to a broiling match, as he boasts so loudly of his art." This proposition cooled cookey's heat a few degrees: "Will you dare try your skill, sir?" said he to Lambert; "What man dares—that dare I," replied the scene-painter, with the utmost gravity. "It is a match then," said the cook; "Yea!" said Lambert. Cookey wiped his hot hand, and respectfully offered it to Lambert, who shook him heartily and cried "*done*—your place against mine, my jolly old Grecian." "When is the match to commence?" said the cook, "*all eager for the fight*."—"To-morrow—or to-day," said Lambert; "the time present is the best." "So be it, sir," said the smiling Greek, conscious of victory. "Aye, have a good blaze at four," said Lambert. "Trust me for that," said the old boy, and rubbed his hands with ecstasy.

Old Grecian was determined to have his say out, so he began again, "I should like to see your noted beef-steak broiler get up three courses of four and twenty, Mr. Lambert," "drawing his knife from his belt, and flourishing it about: "I should like to see him blunder at a turtle, or brawn's head, a fricasee, fricando or ragout, a bechemelle or maitenon, garbure, or gateau de mille feuilles."

"A fig for your fricandos and fricasees, your French kickshaws, and buttered verdigrease, enough to make an Englishman sick. Can you broil a steak with Lambert? that's the question." Cookey was dumb-founded at being thus cut short in his scientific soliloquy by his ally, and turning round with a grin, answered with petulant gravity and mock respect, bowing as low as his fat would let him, "Mister Edge Pine, I humbly trust I can." "That's spoken like a Trojan," said Pine: "prepare your fire by times, and you shall have fair play." Be it known Old Slaughter's larder never lacked a fine ramp

^b Robert Edge Pine, dubbed Friar Pine, though after this period, in consequence of having stood for the fat friar in Hogarth's Gate of Calais.

of beef. The company quitted the kitchen, and the cook was left to prepare the field for action.

This dialogue took place about noon, just as the fat Grecian waddled up with the bill of fare for the day, to give it to the bar, when some stragglers of the club had called in to get the morning whet. Martin Folkes was coming down the stairs with Gostling to the coffee room; and hearing the party talk loudly of the broiling match, inquired of Harry Fielding, who generally breakfasted there, "what iron is on the anvil now?" "O!" said the wit, "here's friend Lambert going to rehearse a new opera, the Rival Cooks, with an after-piece of Just in Pudding Time. Now, sir, if you wish to take a scientific steak, cooked according to the antique, come at five, and you have nothing to bring but a keen appetite; for Lambert pays the piper."

Georgy was not best pleased with Fielding's flippancy, but being a hero he put the best face upon it; so when the time arrived he tucked on a clean white apron and sleeves, and the favourite toast of the club, *pretty Kitty*, Old Slaughter's niece, pinned her cambric handkerchief round his brow by way of cap. "Now St. George is the word," said he; "I will defend this token like a true knight;" then kissing her fair hand, he marched to the scene of action.

Not even the kitchen of the renowned Edward, when William of Wykeham was chief clerk, ever was visited by more illustrious guests. Tothal had hobbled his rounds, Hogarth had mustered half a score, and old George Simpson was dispatched east of Temple Bar; in short, fame had blown her trumpet, and all the members that were in town hastened to rendezvous at the old spot, to witness the sport.

My great uncle Zachary, and Friar Pine, were chosen umpires—both experienced connoisseurs, knowing to a hair's breadth to what stratum a ramp of beef would cut a prime steak; and I have listened to many a philosophic dissertation, whether the plate were best rubbed with garlic or shallotte. Pine was for the first, my uncle preferred the latter.

The match was proclaimed by the umpires for three *heats*, a pound cut for each. Lambert, on looking at the fire, whispered my uncle—two *heats* I should think would suffice for a salamander; the devil himself could not stand a third.

To work they went, and each did his steak. It was a most scientific heat; Lambert wielded the tongs like a master, and turned the delicious morcel with marvellous dexterity. Old Grecian sickened at the applause bestowed on his rival, and began to blow with envy, when suddenly he "*won the victory*" by a *ruse de guerre*. He gave the fire

^c Martin Folkes, a friend and patron of Hogarth, and acquainted with all the superior wits and men of talent his contemporaries. A gentleman of elegant manners, and President of the Royal Society.

^d The Reverend William Gostling, the author of "*A walk round Canterbury*," a work held in high esteem by the antiquaries.

such an infernal, such a preternatural poke, that poor Georgy retreated several times, and thus quitting his post, sounded a parley—in short he gave it up.

The cook thus saved his reputation by his wit. The umpires proclaimed Georgy a good tactician, who led on gallantly to the charge, and only retired from the too heavy fire of the enemy's works. Lambert shook hands with the old Grecian, complimented him on his generalship, adding, "I yield the palm of victory, thou man of fat! more worthy of a golden chain than Wolsey's mighty cook!"

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONTINENCE OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.—(Concluded.)

Monks, were men whose duty it was "to pray, groan, and weep for their faults; to subdue their flesh; to watch and abstain from pleasures; to bridle their tongues, and shut their ears from vanities; to guard their eyes; to labour with their hands, exult with their lips, and rejoice at heart in the praises of God, &c." How far they conformed to these directions will be shewn in the sequel. One William Gloucester, a monk, is described* as staying out all night, *bibendo et risando*. Another monk, postquam incaluerat mero, timens ne per continentiam morbus periret ad vitalia, went out to find some one to cure his languor, and at length meets with a fair female.† The monks likewise, took the advantage of meal times to receive the visits of women‡, who were in the habit of coming after dinner; and the statute made for the correction of this abuse, permitted them to come with license of the abbot or in his presence; and makes at the same time, an exception with regard to noble women, as to season and time, as seemed fit to the superior. § Among the inquiries of Henry's visitors to the Cistercians and Premonstratensians, were, "whether women usith and resortyth myche to this monastery by backewayes or otherwise." ¶ And one of their own body in folio 161 a. of the same MS. observes, that "all fowlowe our owne sensualitye and pleser, and thus religion, as I suppose, ys alle in vayne glory."

When the visitors of Henry VIII. inspected the religious houses, although they discovered many irregularities, yet in some of them, the monks would disclose nothing. Thus, one of them says, "I firmly beleve and suppose, that they had confedered and compacted together before our coming, that they should disclose nothing: and yet it is

* Cardinal Wolsey's master cook wore a crimson velvet dress with a collar of gold chain.

† MS. Ashmol. Mus. 1519. f. 39. a.

‡ MS. Harl. 913. f. 58.

§ Nullus et monachus habet colloquium cum muliere cognata aut extranea, in temporibus indebitis sicut prandii, et cenae, et horae meridianae, aut tempore potus assignati.

MS. Cot. Jes. D. 2. f. 159. a.

¶ Mat. Paris, 1096.

¶ MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. f. 146.

confessed and proved, that there was here such frequency of women coming and resorting to this monastery as to no place more. ¶ And again in the same MS. fol. 131. b. "The abbey (of Newark) here is confederate we suppos, and nothing will confesse; the abbot is an honest man and doth vara well; but he hath here the most obstinate and factious canons that ever I knewe. This mornyng I will objecte against divers of them; . . . and adulterie, et sic specialiter descendere, wiche I have lerned of othir, but not of any of them," &c.

The following anecdotes with which I shall conclude this head, will shew the remarkable fondness of the monks for dancing and women.

A certain man making a journey upon a feast-day about noon, heard the sound of people dancing; upon his looking towards the opposite side of the road, he saw four monks coming towards the dance, who on his enquiring of them whence they came? replied from their church, which was in a wood just by, and that they were going to see the dance.

A certain knight, a prudent and discreet man, a pilgrim to St. James of Compostella, went to a dance on a feast-day, in a certain town of a disant province. It happened, that a young woman sat by his side, and he asked her, whether she had a sweet-heart? to which she replied in the affirmative. On being further asked, who he was? She told him, a certain monk who was sitting near to see the dance, and often cast his eyes upon her. The knight surprised, concluded his enquiries, with demanding, whether the monks of that country in general had mistresses? to which she answered, *they had, openly and every where*.

A certain monk, who was rambling about from a cell in the remote parts of England to another in Wales, lest he should be alone in his journey, took a companion with him; not a *he* one, but a *she* one; three or four times he was most unluckily detected, and at last put into gaol by some Castellans of that neighbourhood, whilst his poor lady was exposed to all the insults and indecencies of the rabble.*

Nuns were females whose duty it was to be "*versing of thire saute*," and to be engaged in "*holi meditaciuns*;" but it appears from the *inquirenda* in the visitation of nuns, that they were not always very ready to adhere to these duties. The crime of incontinence seems to have been prevalent among them from the earliest periods, in spite of the many statutes made to correct it. Thus a visitor at a convent of Gilbertine nuns near Lichfield, "founde two of the said nunnes; one of them impregnant, the othyr a yonge mayd." † Also at another convent called Harwolde, there "was iiij or v nunnes with the prioress, one of them had two faire children, another one, and no mo." ‡ It is well known, that the Bishop of Lincoln, about the year 1251, in his visitations, ordered the nipples of the nuns to be

¶ Ibid. f. 120. b.

• MS. Cott. Tiber. B. 13.

† MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. f. 131.

squeezed, in order to be physically convinced of their chastity. And the visitors of Henry VIII. were to enquire, whether they used to have intercourse with strangers, men and women without license especially in secret places †, and in the absence of their sisters; whether used to go any where without the gates ‡; whether they have any familiarity with religious or secular priests, not near kinsmen. Item, whether any of them use to write any love letters, or *lascivious fashions* to any person, or receive the same, and have any privy messengers coming and resorting to them with tokens or gifts from any secular persons or others; whether they talked without leave with any manner of persons, "*by gratis or backe windows*;" whether any of them were suspected of *incontinence*, or given to voluptuousness or sloth. Respecting the communication between them and secular persons, Alfred of Rievesley observes, "I do not like a b * * d of an old woman, mixed among the poor bringing praises, and whispering soft words to you from some monk or clerk, lest she should insinuate poison, when she kisses your hand for alms received. Care too is to be taken lest the nun occasion any burdensome hospitality in the reception of religious women. For often among the good some very bad ones come, who sitting down before the nun's window, after prefacing with a few pious speeches, run off to secular affairs. Thence she begins to frame love-matters, and pass the night without sleep. Never let any messengers run to and fro between you and any man, as if for the sake of shewing kindness or inviting affection; or courting intimacy or spiritual friendship; neither receive their presents nor letters, nor direct yours to them, as is usual with many who send girdles or purses varied with different kinds of straw or in a case, and things of this kind ‡, to young monks or clerks. ¶

Bertram Walton, in his invective against nuns, says:

"But there was a lady, that hixt dame Pride
In grete reputation they her toke,
And pore dame Meekness sate beside,
To her unthys any wolde loke,
But all as who seyth I her forsoke,
And set not by her nether most ne leste,
Dame Ypocrite loke upon a boke,
And bete herself upon the brest:

¶ Vide Monast. Angl. ii. 895.—"Item, that non of your sisters bring in, receive or take any layman, religious or secular, into the chambrere or any secrete place day or night, nor with thaim in such private places to commune, ete or drinke, without lycense of your prioress." Monast. Angl. i. 910. It seems from the 7th item of the constitutions of the nuns of Sopewell, that the tailors of the house were the favoured mortals, thus invited into private places.

¶ In Monast. Angl. ii. 896, there is mention made of "*nunnes having keys of the posterne doore*," and "*moche comyng in and oute at unlesfulle tymys*."

¶ Gold, silver, cloaths, shoes and knives, were common presents. Monast. Angl. ii. 786. The Gilbertine nuns were not to make purses except of white leather, and without coloured silk. Monast. ii. 784.

¶ MS. Cott. Nero. A. iii. f. 36, Ibid. f. 6. b.

I wolde have seme dame Devowte
And she was but with few of that route,
For dame Schowth and dame Vayne Glory
By vilens had put her owte.
And than in my harte I was full sorry,
That dame Envy was there dwelling,
The which can selth strife in eny state,
And another ladye was there wonnyng
That hight dame Love inordinate,
In that place both ery and late;
Dame Lust, dame Wantonnesse, and dame Vyce,
They were so there enhabtyed, I wotte
That few token hede to Goddy's service."

It was also usual to keep in nunneries various amulets for pregnant women: thus the nuns of *Gracedieu*, had part of St. Francis's coat, *quam, et creditur parturientibus conducit*. The nuns of *St. Mary of Derby*, had part of the shirt of St. Thomas, in *eneratione apud multosque pregnantas*. Those of *Wreton*, *apud Meiose*, had the girdle of Bernard, *pregnantibus aliquando vestitum*. The nuns of Yorkshire took potatoes, *ad prolem conceptum opprimendum*! * Sometimes indeed the children were murdered, of which barbarity, the following is a shocking instance of reiterated acts of incest and murder!—"Hic, cum juvenis esset, decorus forma, instinctus antiqui hostes, sororem suam illico amore concupivit, et ex ea prolem procreavit; propriis manibus suffocavit, ne ad homines incestus ipsius perveniat; et reversus sic ad peccatum suum secundo et tertio de eodem fratre concepit, atque partus suffocavit!" † But as the present subject is growing painfully disgusting, I shall now bring it to a close. The preceding lines have, I hope, satisfactorily developed the errors and vices with which monachism was infected; that these crimes were ultimately the cause of bringing down the Divine vengeance on the heads of its guilty professors, and that the unprincipled Henry, notwithstanding his brutality and rapaciousness, was merely a passive instrument in the hands of a wise and beneficent Being, there can be little doubt. The preceding observations could have been entirely extended to a greater length than they really are, but it is presumed, a sufficiently enlarged view of the subject has been here exhibited; the intention of writing it has been completely answered; if it has amused the reader, or excited his curiosity or interest.

CAIUS.

* Cott. MS. *ut supra*, f. 115. b.

† MS. Harl. 2385. f. 56. Some of the laws against this crime were as follow:—To carry off a nun was 120*l.* fine. *Leg. Aluredi*, l. 31. Whoever indecently handled her breasts, if she was unwilling, double the penalty (5*l.*) of doing so to a lay-woman. *Id.* c. 33. In the penitential canons of Edgar, a guilty nun was punished with a twenty years imprisonment; and among the Gilbertines, with perpetual penance and imprisonment, with very severe discipline. By the 13th of Edw. I. it was three years imprisonment for carrying off a nun, besides satisfaction made to the convent. *Sir Osbert Giffard*, for stealing two nuns out of *Wilton Abbey*, was ordered never again to enter a nunnery; nor be in the presence of a nun without leave of his diocesan; to go thrice naked in his shirt and breeches to *Wilton Church*, but not in the presence of the nuns, and be each

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DISCOVERY-SHIPS.—We have infinite pleasure in stating from Lloyd's Books, that the Northern Discovery ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, were spoken with by two Aberdeen whale ships, *all well*, in lat. 68° long. 69° and on their return home, having wintered in Lancaster sound, lat. 75° long. 115°. Consequently they penetrated several hundred miles further than the preceding expedition; and report says, but we doubt its truth, they have ascertained the magnetic pole.

EXPERIMENTS RELATIVE TO THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY ON THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

From the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.
(Concluded from No. 196.)

ADDITION OF THE EDITOR.

We have had occasion to repeat most of the curious experiments detailed above, by means of the powerful voltaic battery of our learned colleague, Professor De la Rive, which he had put in action on the 19th of this month, (August), to shew to a company of amateurs, and among them to one of the most distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, (M. Arago,) the magnificent experiments of the incandescence which appears between two points of charcoal, placed (either in the air or in vacuum,) in the voltaic circuit. We took advantage of this opportunity to place, (as the author prescribes) a compass needle, alternately below and above a wire of platina four or five inches long, which closed the circuit, and which the voltaic action made red hot.

This conducting wire was in the magnetic meridian: as soon as the needle was placed below it, at the distance of about an inch, it declined nearly 45 degrees to the east of the meridian; and about as much to the west when it was placed above—the effect was immediate and indubitable.

We tried two needles; one made of a watch-spring, and with a brass *chape*—it was three inches long: the other a steel parallelopipedon, three inches nine lines long, and two lines of a side. Both were equally affected: the latter, though much heavier than the other, seemed to be much more energetically changed in its direction by this singular action of the pole.

This influence is the more extraordinary, as it becomes null in cases where it should seem that it ought to be greatest; that is to say, when the needle is placed in such a manner, that itself forms the circuit: then time beaten, and so likewise in Salisbury Market and Shaftesbury Church; not to wear the insignia of knighthood, but russet with lamb or sheep fur, and calf leather shoes, nor use a shirt after he was beaten; and this, until he should have been three years in the Holy-Land, or the King recalled him.

* Of 360 pair, of six inches square.

it remains in perfect repose, whether the voltaic poles be placed in the prolonged direction of the magnetic poles, or whether they are presented laterally in a direction perpendicular to the axis of the needle.

The following effects were obtained in subsequent experiments, in which, instead of the great battery of thirty-eight troughs, (*auges*) of ten pair each, a single trough, constructed by M. Selligie, and formed of twelve receptacles (*loges*), of copper, in each of which there was a plate of zinc, was employed.

And first, this single trough instantly heated red hot, for a length of three inches and more, the platina wire which closed its circuit.

We tried the influence of this conducting wire upon needles of copper, brass, and wood: it was not sensible; whereas it was very powerful on magnetic needles of steel. The influence acted on the latter through a plate of glass of pretty considerable thickness.

It took place in the vacuum of the air-pump with perhaps more energy than in the air; the conducting wire became there also more promptly incandescent, and melted several times.

When we placed the conducting wire horizontally, parallel to the magnetic meridian, but in a vertical plane, passing by the side of the needle; and when this wire was placed successively in a plane above that of the needle, in the same plane, or in a plane lower than the needle, the deviation produced took place in opposite directions, in the first and last of those positions; and not at all in the intermediate position, that is to say, when the wire was in the plane of the needle, and beside it.

We afterwards made a series of experiments, always placing the conducting wire vertically, but alternately varying two circumstances—1st. the relative position of the voltaic poles, and of the extremities of the wire, that is to say, making those poles answer the positive to the top of the wire, and the negative to the bottom; and placing, in each of these positions, the wire, sometimes to the east, sometimes to the west, of the south extremity of the needle; and 2d. repeating the same experiments upon the northern extremity of the same needle: the following are the results—

First Series.

The positive voltaic pole being at the top, and the negative at the bottom of the conducting wire, retained in a vertical position.

The wire being brought to the } west of the south pole	attracts it.
To the east	repels it.
To the west of the north pole	repels it.
To the east	attracts it.

Second Series.

The positive pole being at the bottom, and the negative at the top of the wire:

The wire being brought to the } west of the south pole	repels it.
To the east	attracts it.
To the west of the north pole	attracts it.
To the east	repels it.

The wire was afterwards placed horizontally above the needle, and its two extremities were put alternately in communication with the two poles of the trough. The following effects were obtained :

The *negative* pole of the trough being on the side of the *south* pole of the needle, this pole deviated to the *east*.

The *negative* pole being on the side of the *north* pole of the needle, this pole deviated to the *west* : that is to say, the needle takes the same direction as in the preceding case. Lastly,

The *positive* pole answering to the south extremity of the needle, it goes to the east ; and to the west when the positive pole answers to the north pole of the needle.†

It is proper to say that all these motions are prompt, decisive, without the smallest uncertainty respecting their direction.

These results may be expressed in a more simple and shorter manner by saying that the needle continues to move, in each of the *bilateral* positions of the conducting wire on the side towards which it is conducted by the voltaic influence, resulting from the situation, (higher or lower,) of the poles of the circuit.

Every attempt to form a system on this insulated discovery would seem premature. It is a great fact, which will perhaps be connected with others already known, or hereafter to be discovered, and which will multiply the relations between the magnetic, electric, caloric, and luciferous forces. What is essential for the present is, that there may remain no doubt, no illusion, respecting the principal fact, and after what we have seen and endeavoured to report accurately, this condition seems now to be obtained.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PETRARCH ON LAURA'S DEATH !

In the Ambrosian Library at Milan, a copy of Virgil has been discovered, containing manuscript notes by Petrarch, among which is the following, which certainly has but little reference to Virgil :—

"Laura, propriis virtutibus illustris, et meis longum celebrata carminibus, primum oculis meis apparuit sub primum adolescentie meae tempus anno Dni. 1327, die 6 mensis aprilis, in culena Sanctae Clarae Avinionensi horâ matutinâ. Et in eadem civitate, eodem mense aprilis, eodem die 6, eadem horâ primâ, anno autem Dni. 1348, ab hoc luce lux illa substracta est ; cum ego fortè Veronae essem, heu fati mei nescius ! Rumor autem infelix per litteras Lodovici mei Parmæ reperit anno eodem, eodem mense maji, die 19 mane. Corpus illud castissimum ac pulcherrimum in loco fratrum minorum positum est ipsâ die mortis ad vespere. Animam quidam ejus, ut de Africano ait Seneca, in cœlum unde erat, redisse mihi persuadeo. Hæc autem ad acerbum rei memoriam amarâ quâdam dulcedine scribere visum est, hoc

† Unless there is some error of the press here, it appears that the negative and positive poles produce the same effect.—Ed. L. G.

potissimum loco qui sæpi sub oculis meis redit, ut cogitem nihil esse debere quod amplius mihi placiat in hac vita, et attracto majori laqueo, tempus esse de Babylone fugiendi, crebra horum inspectione, ac fugacissimæ ætatis æstimatione commovear. Quod prævia Dei gratiâ, facile erit præteriti temporis curas supervacuas, spes inanes, et inexpectatos exitus acriter ac viriliter cogitanti."

Oriental Literature.—Mr. Demanne and Mr. Gaultier, secretary adjunct in the School of Oriental Languages, have just made a discovery which will have very great influence on the civilization of the east. At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, these gentlemen presented the result of a process by means of which they have succeeded in imitating oriental manuscripts, so as to deceive the most experienced eye. They have obtained certificates signed by several distinguished professors and learned orientalists, which can testify the importance of their invention to the study of languages, and to the progress of knowledge in the Levant. They have just published a prospectus in which they announce the select works of Saadi, the most ingenious of the Persian poets.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH ARTS AND EDINBURGH REVIEW.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Permit me the insertion of a few remarks suggested by the perusal of an article in the last Edinburgh Review, in which the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds is made a vehicle for an illiberal attack upon the merits and talents of British artists.

It might have been imagined, that an unprofitable and uncertain profession, like that of painting, would have been permitted to follow an *ignis fatuus* through all the anxieties, delusions, and difficulties that attend its course. That having struggled into existence, and shed a ray on literature, given amusement, and opened a field of employment in the ornamental decorations of polished life ; the arts and their professors would have been left to the barren privilege of a pursuit which gathered little but empty praise, without coming under the lash of censure, or suffering from the shafts of concealed criticism. But unfortunately the same disposition which tends to find fault with and calumniate whatever belongs to the present order of things, is alike prone to detract from contemporary merit, whether it appears in arts, science, or literature ; and the state of society upon which we are fallen seems to make it necessary to indulge the malignant passions, rather than to foster the kinder feelings, for the purpose of obtaining the public attention.

It is not my design, Mr. Editor, to speak of this practice as exclusively belonging to the writer of the article alluded to ; it may be divided with many, and there is always a sufficient stock in hand for all the uses of trading Criticism. Neither is this blindness

to contemporary merit confined to our own times. Of Milton it was said, by one in his day, that the old blind school master had written a poem, which, if its length was not its merit, there was nothing else to recommend it ; and Gray, speaking of the poet Thomson, casually observes, that a poem had appeared, called the Castle of Indolence, in which there were some good stanzas.—I may not have quoted the precise words, as they may be found in Hurd's Dialogues and Gray's Correspondence, but such is their sense.

I have no wish to enter the lists in favour of the Royal Academy :—I know nothing of its cabals. Nor shall I contend whether capacity is only another word for genius ; much less that success is not an important ingredient towards the composition of suavity of temper. I only know that sound judgment and candid criticism are essential both to the growth and well being of the fine arts, and that there should be a *breadth* in the one as well as in the other ; instead of which, little can be gathered from those who advise or condemn ; but, that one thing is not another. It surely needs no oracle to tell us, that Hogarth did not paint like Raphael ; or that scenes of humour, domestic life, or pastoral landscapes, are not the sublime in art :—but is nothing estimable that falls below the standard of history ?

It frequently happens, too, that this unattainable excellence is only the unconnected ideas floating in the brain of the half practised amateur, whose imagination mounts in proportion to his want of skill in the executive part of painting, and who just sees enough to pester the profession with his untangible theories. In short, the spirit of modern criticism, more particularly as it affects painting, may be defined in parodying two well known lines—

Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men critics, and to keep them so.

This, with the properties of overlooking and forgetting, are the essential, (and oft-times the only) qualities to be found in the self-constituted and self-conceited censor ; and though it cannot be denied, that much sound judgment, and many useful hints, are mixed up in the article to which I refer, yet there is so little candour, and so much of that overlooking and forgetting system, that it is impossible to mistake the purpose of the writer, to deteriorate and bring into contempt the native talent of the country.

There is, however, some consolation, that in his notions of the exalted in art, the works of Rubens and Rembrandt are alike excluded from the superlative, at which it is his aim to prove we never can arrive ; only, in what relates to the genius and capacity of this country, he goes still further, by inferring that, because we are a *thinking*, plodding, and a warring nation, we are neither a dancing, a musical, nor a painting nation.

Of the writer's forgetfulness, or ignorance of facts, a striking instance appears in what is said about the late B. West : merit is indeed allowed him in grouping and composition ;—"In these respects nothing can be

better, as we see, in the *print* of General Wolfe; but for the rest, he might as well have set up a parcel of figures in wood, and then painted them over with a sign-post brush, and copied what he saw, and it would have been just as good." This is a tolerably sweeping conclusion to come to; but in mentioning the General Wolfe, might not Penn's Treaty with the Indians, or the picture of Lear, or that of Regulus, or that of St. Paul in the chapel at Greenwich, or that of the Stoning of St. Stephen, in the church at Walbrook, &c. have occurred to his recollection? It is to be regretted that this great artist, in some of his latter works, should have painted out much of his former reputation.

Of our annual exhibitions there is much forgotten, and also much laid to their charge. If however, they have served to nourish the growth of artists in an earlier period, it must be acknowledged that of late their members have done all in their power to stop this growth, by exclusion and neglect. Agreeing with the writer, that nine tenths of those who look at pictures know nothing of the principles of art, we contend that in this may be seen an apology, and a reason why that abstract perfection of which he speaks is not attained. "Ingulphed in politics and commerce as (Mr. Shee observes) every other subject in this country is, it is rather a matter of surprise that so much has been effected;" and it is certainly a qualification of no great credit, to be blind to the merits which have distinguished the artists of the present day. For then we must be wilfully unjust, or not be able to appreciate the talents and taste of Lawrence; the versatility and grace of Stothard; the powers of Wilkie; the expression of Mulready, or the colouring of Ety. It would not be difficult to extend the list; but these have been singled out rather to refresh the memory, than to convince the judgment of the fastidious critic.

The merits of our portrait painters are overlooked as unworthy of regard, because (it may be supposed) they do not paint history. Yet, if the portrait of Sir W. Grant in the last exhibition, and that of a gentleman in a Highland dress by Mr. Shee, or Sir W. Beechey's Duke of Sussex in a former, together with others by Phillips, Jackson, and Owen, were introduced into an historical subject, would they not make some approach to fine painting? Could not the energetic pencil of Opie, in his Death of David Rizzio, rise to the memory, as some redeeming quality in British art? It may have happened, that Richter's drawing of the School Boys has not met the eye of the writer; and it is still a matter of wonder that it does not appear among our English subjects, as a print;—certain that it would be valued and enjoyed by every one whose views and understanding were not confined within the narrow compass of *exalted art*.

Surely the author of the partial article in the Edinburgh Review must know, that more than half the pleasure arising from a collection or exhibition of pictures is from their contrast and variety, both in style and subject; and that an exclusive collection of what

is called the exalted in art, would, by its monotony of character, destroy much of its interest.

In allowing something to the merits of subordinate subjects of art in the productions of Mr. Wilkie, it is done with such obvious reluctance, and so ill a grace, that it may be called damning with faint praise; nor can this dole be dealt out but at the expense of the whole exhibition—"and how unlike are all the rest."

But to step out of the exhibition into the gallery of Sir John Leicester: although neither Stothard, Wilkie, nor Mulready are there, is there nothing to bless? must all be cursed? is there no redeeming clause to be found in Turner's picture of the Dutch coast, Gainsborough's cottage, Hilton's Europa, &c. &c. I can these efforts of native talent be accidental or worthless; the hasty productions of careless and uncertain imitators.

Something also (though with the usual drawbacks) of credit is given to our painters of local scenery:—"Portraits of places, and it cannot be denied that there are many of these that have a true and powerful look of nature; but then, as if this was a matter of great indifference, and nobody's business to see to, they are seldom more than bare sketches, hastily got up for the chance of a purchaser, and left unfinished to save time and trouble."

If this be true, Mr. Editor, my recollection or judgment must fail me, for I cannot see this splash and dash in the scenery of Calcott or Collins, of Daniel or Hoffman, or of Fielding, Arnold, or Jones. I see indeed a diversity of style, more calculated to please than any single style or manner; and I also trace in this diversity some of the genius of the English character—a striking out of the common track.

But the writer goes on to object, that "they are not in general lofty conceptions, or selections of beautiful scenery, but mere common out of door views, relying for their value on their literal fidelity."

What views are to be, and if not out of doors where they are to be taken, requires some explanation. Fortunately however, a clue appears to guide our incapable artists in their bewildered course, and it will be found in following the directions given to Mr. Haydon for finishing his picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem; for this work of six years (according to the writer) is only a preparation.

"Let him take his penitent girl for a model—paint up to this standard through all the rest of the figures, and we shall be satisfied." Truly this is coming to some conclusion, otherwise, from the writer's expressions of "softened and trembling hues floating upon the canvas," it might have led to the supposition, that Corregio or Guido might have been recommended as models of imitation, if not some of the tones and tints in pictures of Vandyke, and particularly his head of Governorius, in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle. It seems also to have been forgotten that from some odd circumstance or other our climate did not prevent a Dobson, a Riley, a Cooper, and an Oliver, from showing

some capacity, some breathing of immortality.

But the worst is yet to come; for we are threatened in a note, whether by the editor of the Review or the writer of the article is not certain; it is, however, in the spirit of the rest—that we are in fact approaching to a period when, "the mind and muscles of the country may be sufficiently relaxed and softened to imbibe a taste for all the refinements of luxury and show; and a century of slavery may yield us a crop of the fine arts, to be soon buried by sloth and barbarism again."

This, to be sure, is very consoling, and may serve to negative the wish for an attainment to be so dearly purchased; but as the writer seems to think that the soil is inimical to such a crop, it may be hoped that the same physical cause which operates against the one, may also prevent the other: but exaggerated phrases are so much in use, that they cease to alarm; and the word slavery, like that of competence, admits of great latitude. This is however a radical objection to the fine arts *in toto*—it is new indeed; for civilization, of which they are the sign, has heretofore been held to bestow power, and to consist with liberal and free government rather than with tyranny.

There is much in the critique on Mr. Farrington's book about nature and the Elgin marbles. Of the latter too much cannot be said; they are doubtless models of the most perfect human forms, but rarely to be found in the individual, and may be set up as a mark at which painting should arrive: but if by following nature in painting is meant a deception on the sight, as perfect in its kind as is presented by the Elgin marbles, I am at a loss to discover where it is to be found. Certainly not in the works of Raphael or M. Angelo! What is there to be seen in their works which borders upon the perfect and almost disgusting flesh of Denner, or the truly deceptive materials in A Butcher's Shop, painted by the late Mr. Keyse? Is not grandeur of style and truth of expression paramount to every subordinate quality in art? Few there are at all acquainted with the principles of painting, who do not prefer the intelligence displayed in the sketch of a master to the most laboured productions of a Denner or a Carlo Dolci. It will be well therefore, in commenting upon works of art, that reason rather than sarcasm should be resorted to; and while the highest excellence is proposed, not to shut our eyes to existing merit, nor to the cheap pleasure such merit affords.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that these remarks bear principally upon the offensive character of the language employed by the writer in discussing the subject. It is for abler pens to refute many of his arguments, and to rescue the profession from the charges of negligence and incapacity; these being merely desultory reflections suggested by perusing what cannot but be deemed a censorious and unfounded attack upon the British school of painting.

Yours, &c.
ANTI-JAUNDICE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

STANZAS

Written beneath the *Miniature of a deceased Friend.*

Thy picture!—it is life—health—love—
To gaze upon that eye—that cheek—
Those lips which even in fancy move,
Which fancy teaches even to speak!

ANON.

Nay, reproach me not, sweet One! I still am
thine own,

Tho' the world in its toils hath detained me
a-while,
The deep vision that spelled my lone bosom is
flow'n,

And—a truant to love—I return to thy smile!
It hath ever been thus:—when condemned or de-
ceived

By the many I scorned—or the few that I lov'd,
Whilst I breath'd my contempt—or in silentness
grieved,

It was bliss to remember whose truth I had
prov'd

And the falsehood of friends—the crowd's hollow
decree,
Served to bind me more fondly and firmly to
THEE!

Yes, I still am thine own:—tho' I sometimes
may mingle,

In lightness of spirit, with fools I despise,
In my heart—my dark heart—dwelling silent
and single,

Is the thought, of all others, it soothes me
to prize;

If I join the loud throng in its madness of mirth,
I but think how much purer our pleasures
have been:—

If I gaze on the swift-glancing daughters of earth,
'Tis to turn to thy beauties—of beauty the
Queen!

And if from man's haunts to lone nature I flee,
Glen, mountain, and ocean, seem breathing of
THEE!

When a soft soothing ray from the eye of affection
Breaks my midnight of gloom with its halo
divine,

How surpassingly sweet is the fond recollection
Of the passionate love ever beaming from
thine!

'Twill beam on me no more:—yet tho' death
has bereft me

Of a form such as seraphs from heaven might
adore,

In this image—thy features of beauty are left me,
And the lines of thy soul in my heart's core
of core!

Then look not so sad—thus it ever shall be—
If untrue to all else—I'll be constant to THEE!

ARTON.

To

*Miseri, quibus,
Intentuta nites.*—HOR.

Farewell, for ever—now we part,
Since every joy is flown;
Why would you keep a broken heart,
Which ne'er can be thine own?

'Tis true, thine eyes my hopes have nurs'd,
Thy smiles my faith have cherish'd;
But every smile is now accurs'd,
And all my hopes have perish'd.

I ask thee nought for months mispent,
Ask nought for years deceiving,—

That passion I must long repent,
Which leaves me lone and grieving.

Yet not a sigh shall rend this heart—
For ever I forget thee;
'Tis hope to know we now must part —
'Tis grief that e'er I met thee.

C. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

QUEL MALHEUR!

Our last Number has brought us into
pretty tribulation! Our cook has given us
warning, not, as she declares, for exposing
her carelessness, but for calling her such an
atrocious name as *Popinaria*, in that horrible
oath which we swore at her; and above all,
for that most infamous line,

Rastra at sarcula tantum assueti coquere,

which no explanation on our parts can mol-
lify her so far as to induce her to forgive.
When we told her it was written by Juvenal
above a hundred years ago; she vowed it was
a shame that Juvenal had not been hanged
at Tyburn for his *willany*. As for its being
Latin, she knew well enough from what went
before and after, what it meant; and *we*, at
least, for whom she had (pardon the indeli-
cacy) sweated four years, had no business to
taunt her with it, any more than with rack-
straw, sarks, and tantrums. In vain we
protested: such was the translation of our
cook, Coquere (who has picked up as well
as burnt some learning in our service), and
all the world could not persuade her that *ras-
tra, sarcula, and tantum*, have any other in-
terpretation.

But our next and greater distress has sprung
from our offering a *ton of bad poetry* for sale.
The writer of the sample verses, dating from
that seat of learning, "Oxford," addresses
us in superlative fury—he says the Editor
has substituted "the" for "tho'," in the 1st
line of the 2d verse; and "by dividing a
Spencerian stanza into two quartettes, forced
upon his readers the conviction that his igno-
rance is commensurate to his ill-nature." In
justice to so promising an author, we re-
quest that his lines may have the benefit of
these corrections; for *see*, as we ought, what-
ever Fortune may do, (vide this *Spencerian
stanza*) will act fairly, though we are afraid
we cannot change the writer's destiny so far
as to make a grammarian, far less a poet, of
him.—Another (or perhaps the same) signing
himself Scrutator, threatens us that "it is
a proof of courage for a writer so boldly to
proclaim war against *such a host of his spe-
cies*;" and, half-hinting that we have told
a lie, in stating that we had a whole ton
of the article in question, adds, upon the
hypothesis that it may be true, "mention,
for heaven's sake, at what price you really
will dispose of it. You say it is bad, and
that it will be sold at the price of waste paper.
The one and a half per cent *ad valorem*, in
which you appreciate it in your second pa-
graph, is merely an attempt at witticism,
on the felicity of which I cannot congratulate
you." Thus abjured in the name of Heaven
to name the lowest price, we beg to inform

Scrutator that we can make no abatement:
on the contrary, as this bad poetry bids well
to excite *quite a rage*, we are not sure that
we shall not lay on half-a-crown or three
shillings on the ton. But having dismissed
these anonymous correspondents, will our
readers do us the credit to believe, that not
only are their letters *bond fide*, real, existing
documents, but that we have actually re-
ceived from Plymouth, (with a regular sig-
nature and address, post paid, and in sober
earnest) a letter, of which the following is a
transcript:

Plymouth, 30th October, 1820.

Sir,—Observing in your valuable *Literary
Gazette* of Saturday last, under the head of
Correspondence, of your having a lot of bad
poetry, &c. to dispose of, I wish to know if
such is actually the case, if so, I shall feel
particularly obliged by your informing me,
per return, on what terms you will part, with
not a ton, but about 30, 40, or 50 lbs. I am
at present confined to my room from ill
health, and in all probability will be safely
stowed in that situation during the winter,
therefore those to-be-expected *very interest-
ing* papers will form a fund of amusement
during that period. I should have no objec-
tion, if convenient to you, to purchase some
of those manuscripts which may be *tolerably
good*, such as those taken notice of under the
head of "too great a length," "not adapted
for the publication," &c. at a moderate
price.

I shall feel obliged by your answering me
"pro or con," if not too much trouble, per
return, addressed "at Mrs. Mary Lawton's,
Jubilee-street."

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
HENRY JOHNSON.

*To the Editor of the
Literary Gazette, London.*

"Oh for a horse with wings!"—Oh for a
broad-wheeled waggon without wings, to
bear the lumber of two hundred weeks, to
our worthy friend in Plymouth! Positively
we will pack him up 30 or 40lb. at a venture,
poor soul! to amuse him during his painful
confinement. He shall have sonnets to *De-
liars* and *Cordeliars*, and all the other *liars*
of our Cockney correspondents; he shall
have odes five fathoms long, and of as many
lines as may twist into a cable for Dock; he
shall have elegies to make him laugh even
in a paroxysm of suffering; he shall have
satires and epigrams that can hurt no one,
and therefore will do no injury to his health;
he shall have puffs more innocent than pas-
try for an invalid; he shall have songs such
as never were sung; he shall have poems
without fancy on the Fancy; and hymns in
praise of boxing, as nauseous, and perhaps as
efficacious, as a box of medicine; he shall
have—in short he shall have all kinds of
compositions, (some on Bath paper, equal
in his state to the warm or salt-water bath.)

• We would send more, but the truth must
be told; we have just compromised matters
with Cook, who has consented to stop, on
condition of receiving 20 full aprons-full of
the papers which led to the insult, in the way
of kitchen-stuff perquisite.

and if he takes it at all without being cured, then will we say he is past the aid of laudanum and poppy-juice, and must try mercury, of which there is not one particle in these innocent mixtures.

In fact, we attribute all our misery to the ease with which poetry (as it is called,) can be written, since the modern fashion of caring neither for rhyme nor metre became prevalent, and spread the scribbling propensity over the "one half world." This mania is charmingly and characteristically alluded to in a never-to-be-published poem written by the Editor, many years before he could have any idea of what he should suffer from the distemper. We quote the passage:

Curst be the man, the first who disobeyed
The measured rules
Of ancient schools,
And spurned the useful bonds on genius laid.
He ne'er shall boast a name divine
Who 'twas invented the irregular line,
And taught the vagrant muse to sport
In salutory song,
With one verse
• Short;
The next 'tis tedious to rehearse),
• No needless Alexandrine, dragging its slow
length, by several feet too long.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Elliston has, among his other improvements, redeemed Drury Lane theatre from the gloveless-handed Beauty's reproach in the Rejected Addresses; "Oh! Mr. Whitbread, be upon you, Sir! I think you should have built a colonnade:

For he has liberally erected, if not a very elegant, at least a very convenient portico, to the principal entrance of the House in Brydges Street, which the state of the weather has already proved to be an essential addition to the public comfort. The interior of the theatre has also undergone some alterations; but neither here nor at Covent Garden have the changes of colour been improvements. The box fronts of the former are now a red, far too deep; and of the latter a cold bluish green, instead of the fine warm hue which prevailed last season, and which could hardly be mended. Drury Lane would have done wisely in adopting what the other discarded. A shocking ugly drop-scene, and the brushing up of the scenery in general, complete, we believe, the preparations for the new campaign: to inspect which a numerous company were invited, and assembled last Saturday. Thither, of course, as a magazine editor would, but as a weekly writer dares not without presumption say, some of our august body repaired; and their report of the fete was quite delectable. There were jumbled together on the mimic stage, in the obscene saloon, at the refreshing bars, and round the festive supper tables, managers and actors, literati (Heaven help the while!) and artists, editors and other periodical drudges, parliamentary members and vulgar people,

• The sound should be an echo to the sense.
Page.

magistrates and doubtful characters, lawyers and tradesfolk, all ranks and degrees talking, whispering, fiddling, singing, dancing, eating, drinking, jesting (and digesting), simpering, smiling, laughing, admiring, criticising, bowing, curtsying, sidling, ogling: there was, in short, a great *to-do*, which every body was *doing* in the most genteel and agreeable manner they could devise and execute; and the whole affair went off with *ecclat*, all the company being, if not satisfied with their neighbours, profoundly and perfectly satisfied with themselves. The manager was attentive to his guests, and seemed to be in the midst of friends, many of them well able to give him a pull in drawing out that encouragement on which the reward of his exertions depends.

On Monday the theatre opened with the *Road to Ruin*, and all the parts in approved hands. On Tuesday, the widow of Mr. Rae had a benefit, which we rejoice to hear produced 2000*l.*; as the habits of that performer were not such as are calculated to leave the means of comfort to a wife or children.

ROMEO.—*Mr. Cooper.*—This gentleman, who is of much provincial celebrity, made his first appearance on the London boards as *Romeo*, on Wednesday. Adequately to sustain the line of characters in which this *debut* may be considered an embarkation, very superior qualities of person, countenance, voice, action, and judgment or talent, are requisite. Mr. C. possesses some of these in an eminent, some in a slight degree. His person is handsome; his countenance good, but not fine; his voice unmusical, and deficient in the great charm of pathos; his action unembarrassed and suitable; and his judgment or talent, so far as an opinion may be formed from a part which traditional custom has made purely theatrical, cultivated, and in general, correct. With regard to the particular character in which he appeared, he was, we think we may say, decidedly successful—at any rate, he received so much applause as to induce the manager to announce the play for repetition on Thursday, and they seemed to us to be justified in this; for there were parts of his performance certainly very excellent. His garden scene, and leaning against the porch—

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this:

and his entry into the tomb of the Capulets, were the best touches; but the dying scene was altogether powerful, and the challenge to Tybalt full of energy. On the other hand, there were several usually striking passages, to which he gave no interest. All his scenes in Mantua were badly acted. The jocund presage of joyful news was told with gloomy sadness; but to balance this, the directions to the servant to hire "post horses," were rendered ludicrous in the delivery. The soliloquy on the starved apothecary was poorly recited, and the colloquy with that meagre wight was farcical. Throughout there was more of vehemence than the part warrants; for *Romeo* is soft and gentle, and not a tra-

gedy ranter. We shall but farther briefly notice that Mr. Cooper's expression is more suited for animation and spirit, than for woe or any deeper passion. His style of acting resembles the late Mr. Rae's; and his mode of delivery is formed on that of Mr. Kean, avoiding however his principal peculiarities. Upon the whole, we consider him an acquisition to the metropolis in a high grade on the dramatic scale, though far from the top. The plaudits were unanimous; and the only "*Hist, Romeo*" came from Mrs. West, who acted Juliet—the Miss Chester advertised for that character being invisible.

COVENT GARDEN.

Zanga was played on Monday to an intolerably correct in their taste, and we are not surprised that this tragedy should be no longer among their temptations. It had its day—a day of false criticism and affected feeling—a day when an English tragedy was nothing, unless it was a plagiarism from Voltaire; and English poetry nothing unless it was modelled on *Boileau*. All this has gone by; Shakspeare is read, and nature is the standard of our poetry. The stage has still to be reformed; but that time too will come; melodrama, and maudlin sentiment, and tedious affectation, will be no more. But in this censure of the play of *Zanga*, we are far from including the performance on Monday. *Macready* was the hero, and *C. Kemble, Alonzo*. No actors could have more surpassed their author. It would be a mere repetition of what we have said so often, and so sincerely, to dilate now on the merits of those excellent performers. *Macready's* power has hitherto been supposed to lie in his pungency, in the solitary bitterness of a fierce and restricted spirit, in the stern and solemn devotedness of a daring and vexed mind to a purpose of evil. *Zanga* is a sketch of this rank of character, enfeebled by the feebleness of the author. *Macready* actually magnified and deepened the proportions and colours of the picture, till he appropriated it to a vigour and magnificence not its own. But he has also a yet almost unopened mine of pathetic power, and he threw in some delicious and almost involuntary touches of melancholy feeling, that gave a mental beauty to his work; like a *Rembrandt* twilight deepening round the fierce architecture of a Moorish fortress. He was greatly applauded. *Kemble's Alonzo* was a fine display of an unsuspecting man, torn by those passions which make their natural prey of a generous heart. But here too the character breaks down under the imagination; and the actor is forced to supply the deficiency as he may. *Alonzo* is thrown into a perpetual raging of the more violent and open mouthed passions, and his actor is compelled to a perpetual uproar. Notwithstanding this great difficulty against nature, *Kemble* seldom strayed beyond its modesty; he retained his grace even in the whirlwind, and deserved the genuine applause which he received. Still we must protest against the play.

We observe from the Birmingham Gazette

that the theatricals in that town have been of late unusually attractive. Mr. Conway and Mrs. Bunn have taken the lead in tragedy, playing *Coriolanus* and *Volumnia*, *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*; and in comedy, Rob Roy and Helen Macgregor. Madame Vestris, has also been performing at Birmingham. Of the ladies, Mrs. Bunn returns to Covent Garden, Madame Vestris to Drury Lane. We are sorry not to see the gentleman announced for the London boards, for which his qualifications eminently befit him.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.

First performance of *la Grille du Parc*, or *le Premier Parti*.

This little opera is founded on the plot of the English farce of *How to die for Love*: Both pieces are, we believe, translations from the German.

Count de Belmont, an old nobleman, lives on his estate, with his niece Angelina, whose hand is solicited in marriage by two young gentlemen (named Dericourt and Saint-Leon) at once friends and rivals. The uncle being at a loss how to determine in favour of either of the suitors, declares that he who may, by any stratagem, induce his rival to go beyond the park gate, shall be the happy bridegroom. The gentlemen accept the conditions proposed; but before commencing the attack, each secretly gains over to his interests the valet of his rival. Giovanni, Saint-Leon's valet, persuades Dericourt that Angelina has been carried off by pirates, and the lover is on the point of passing the park gate to sail after the galley, when unfortunately Pietro, the other valet, discovers the trick. The latter has also arranged his schemes, and Saint-Leon receives a note announcing the death of the aunt of a young lady to whom he had formerly paid his addresses:—this aunt it appears had been his only obstacle in the way of an advantageous union; but Saint-Leon is on his guard; he pretends to be duped, declares his intention of departing, and invites his friend to accompany him. Dericourt agrees to do so, but each has his plan arranged, and the two valets disguised are sent to personate their masters.

After several unsuccessful stratagems, Dericourt purposely insults Saint-Leon, and the latter challenges him; a pair of pistols are produced, but the cunning Pietro takes care to remove the balls. At the first fire Dericourt falls as if mortally wounded; Saint-Leon, in a fit of despair, rushes out of the park in quest of assistance, when, to his astonishment, the deceased comes running after him to invite him to his wedding.

VARIETIES.

"A Constant Reader" assures us, that the story related in the Literary Gazette of the 7th ult. as applying to the late Sir Peter Parker, is incorrect in that part only: as the circumstance did literally happen in the Mediterranean Sea, and is well known among the naval officers. The parties were the late Admiral Joseph Payton and his son.

From a comparative estimate of the suicides committed in Paris and its neighbourhood

during the two first quarters of 1819 and 1820, it appears that in the first quarter of 1819, the number of suicides amounted to 84. In the second quarter in the same year to 115: total during the half-year 197. In the first quarter of 1820, the number amounted to 61; in the second to 105. Total during the half-year, 166.

The French journals relate the following melancholy occurrence:

On the 1st instant two butchers of St. Bonnet-le-Chateau, department of the Loire, purchased several cows, one of which died suddenly of an epizootic disease. They circulated a report that the animal had died in consequence of having been gored by the horn of another cow, and the carcass was accordingly cut up and sold. Of three persons who ate of the meat, the first fell ill on the 5th, and was buried on the 10th. The second took to his bed on the 10th, and expired on the 11th. Hopes are, however, entertained of saving the third. The disease of which this cow died is called by veterinarians the *white thorn*; it makes its appearance in pimples resembling those of the swine pox. The poison is of so active a nature, that the body becomes putrid almost immediately after death.

[From the *Percy Anecdotes*, noticed in our last.]

Country quarters.—A lady advanced in age, and in a declining state of health, went by the advice of the physician, Dr. Hunter, (who relates the anecdote) to take lodgings in a village near the metropolis. She agreed for a suit of rooms, and coming down stairs observed, that the balustrades were much out of repair. "These," said the lady, "must be mended, before I can think of coming to live here." "Oh no, madam," replied the landlady, "that would answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men in bringing down the coffins would break them again immediately."

Lord Clonmel.—The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied with a shilling, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one: "You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God!!! Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"

Covering a defeat.—A. M. Gambier brought out in 1753, at the Italian Theatre, Paris, a piece called *Brichoe*, or the *Origin of Puppets*, which happened not to succeed. The unfortunate author was pertly asked, how he could think of venturing such a thing on the stage? "Oh!" he replied, "the wits of Paris had all, one after another, quite *ennuyed* me; and I chose this way of assembling them together, and taking my revenge on them in a body."

Bon Mot.—Shortly after his late majesty's recovery in 1789, he happened one day, when riding out on horseback, to meet Lord Fyfe, on seeing whom he exclaimed, "There comes a man who is neither gambler nor rat!"

His lordship replied, "Your majesty is mistaken; I am the greatest gambler on earth; for my all is on that horse."

Charles James Fox.—After Byron's engagement in the West Indies, there was a great clamour about the badness of ammunition. Soon after this, Mr. Fox had a duel with Mr. Adam. On receiving that gentleman's ball, and finding it had made but little impression, he exclaimed, "Egad, Adam, it had been all over with me, if you had not charged with government powder!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are requested to say that Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the *Sketch-book*, and of *Knickerbocker's History*, is not, as advertized, the writer of the poem entitled the *Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*. That piece is well known in America to be the production of Mr. Paulding of *Washington* city.

The life of *General Carnot*, written by himself, has just been published at Halberstadt.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

Thursday, 26.—Thermometer from 39 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 51 to 29, 16.

Wind W. 4, N. W. 1, and S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with heavy rain in the morning.

Friday, 27.—Thermometer from 45 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 15 to 29, 47.

Wind S. W. 2, and W. b. N. 3.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.

Saturday, 28.—Thermometer from 37 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 89.

Wind W. 2, and 4.—Generally clear.

Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

Sunday, 29.—Thermometer from 33 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 40.

Wind S. b. E. 1, and E. S. E. 2.—Generally cloudy, and raining the greater part of the day.

Monday, 30.—Thermometer from 32 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 59 to 29, 80.

Wind S. W. 2, and 4.—Generally clear.

Rain fallen .2 of an inch.

Tuesday, 31.—Thermometer from 29 to 49.

Barometer from 29, 69 to 29, 48.

Wind E. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times. A white frost in the morning.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Wednesday, 1.—Thermometer from 41 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 54 to 29, 77.

Wind S. E. 1, and S. W. 4.—Morning cloudy, with rain; afternoon and evening generally clear.

On Tuesday 7th at 54 minutes, 3 seconds, after 5 o'clock, the 3rd Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse; and the same day, at 28 minutes, 6 seconds, after 10, the 2nd Satellite will emerge from an eclipse.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Bencher's" *dashing friend* is much mistaken in the information he has given concerning us. Publius will find a letter at our office. The fourth historical sketch of early English history, and several other articles, are of necessity postponed.

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* For other very favourable accounts of this Work, see the Monthly Review, British Critic, Anti-Jacobin, &c.

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